

**Mr. Moody**

The whole Christian world was shocked to hear of M. Moody's sudden and serious illness, and is rejoiced now to hear of his speedy recovery. It sounds strange to hear of the weakening of that herculean frame, the failure of that great heart. He is the apostle of modern evangelism, and there is no one to take his place should he be suddenly removed. A mighty man in Israel, is he, valiant, loyal and sound. A man of the church universal. We think of other men as Baptists, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, but it is impossible to think of Moody in any sectarian relation. What a tremendous impulse he has given to the aggressive forces of Christianity. To what a marvelous degree is his personality impressed upon the church universal. Christians of whatever name pray with equal fervor that the day may be long deferred when his trumpet voice shall no longer rouse the hosts of the Lord to battle.

**No Paper Next Week****Sunday Indulgences**

The Dean of Hereford is a man of courage. There can be no question about that; for he has publicly denounced the Sunday indulgences of the rich, their feasting, their driving out for pleasure, their elaborate dressing, and the consequent labor which is put on servants. Isn't it marvelous, this seemingly irresistible tendency toward self-indulgence, especially when the opportunities afforded by wealth open all the doors of pleasure. What is it that money will not buy? Certainly nothing that the world can afford; and the modern world, with its innumerable new devices for entertainment, can fill in all the time, its endless variety sharpening the dulled edge of appetite, and beguiling weariness with new sensations. Wealth will not buy peace of mind, it will not buy character, it will not buy salvation, it will not buy eternal life; but in place of these things it will buy innumerable pleasures and diversions of the world. Putting one alongside of the other, how do you like the bargain? According to the old Gospel, self denial is the road to eternal happiness. "To the poor the Gospel is preached." "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." They who wish the world to come must be willing to forego the one that is. A luxurious Christian is a contradiction of terms, as well as a contradiction of principles. Self indulgence, whatever its form, is not Gospel liberty, but ungospel license. The question is not between you and the church discipline, but between you and God. Discipline can only punish the actual indulgence, but behind that is the *desire*, which is a vital matter between your soul and God. At that point is settled the great question whether you are a

child of God or a child of the world, and that question concerns *you*, chiefly. How will you settle it? Among some very good people, self indulgence selects Sunday for its opportunity, and the house wife or the servants must bustle about for hours in the sublime service of extravagant dressing and feeding. What does Jesus think of it? And how much do we care what he thinks?

**Characteristic**

The famous Grotto of Lourdes, France, has been reproduced in a fine Catholic church in Brooklyn, and the deliberate attempt has been made to inoculate the American people with that musty old-world superstition. The original Grotto is the great resort for those who are afflicted with all manner of diseases, hoping to receive the healing virtue which is supposed to repose in the stone image of the Virgin. Every year numbers of astounding miracles are heralded abroad, and other invalids hearing and heeding the falsehood through the shrine of which it affords a handsome revenue to the thrifty clergy. Eleven sick people attended the first miracle seance in the Brooklyn church. The congregation was immense, all at a signal from the director lighting their candles, producing a great glare, and inspiring a devotee to exclaim: "It is like heaven! It is like heaven!" One would think the simulation would smell of tallow. When trumpets and organs were blowing their loudest, vibrant notes, and the glittering panorama of the procession was sweeping by the Grotto, the Celebrant appeared, the miracle sponsor, gorgeous in cloth of gold, walking beneath a purple and gold canopy upheld by four polebearers, and surrounded by robed acolytes, and 200 men as a special guard of honor. Upon the sick he laid his hands, and inaudibly prayed. At length the ceremonies ended, the sick went home. No miracle was heralded, but the Priest announces that the church is hopeful of results at any time within ten days. So the world wags on, and superstition and nonsense parade in the name of religion, and the blind lead the blind, and the multitude are as sheep having no shepherd.

**Converted**

"As soon as I can find a purchaser for my \$5000 worth of diamonds," said an actress the other day, "I mean to quit the stage. It is much nobler to save souls than to play the cornet." "As soon as I can raise money enough, I am going to quit the theatrical business for good, and devote my entire time to the saving of souls."

Since Longfellow has sung, "Things are not what they seem," perhaps our opinion of this conversion fails to do the subject justice. Maybe it's all the light the poor woman has. There isn't very much spiritual light available to the theatrical profession.

It's a long and arduous journey from the stage to Zion, and perhaps one shouldn't expect very lucid ideas on the subject of religion in the silly head of an actress. She will go to saving souls as soon as she gets money enough. She will take \$5000 for her diamonds, perhaps less, and then forsake the foot-lights. There is a commercial flavor in the transaction, and an element also which appeals to her dramatic instinct, since in her opinion "it is finer to marshal the army of the Lord than it is to dress in tights." Mrs. Partington remarked once that comparisons are odorous, which in some instances is very near the truth. The Salvationists get the credit for this conversion. Lots of unfinished jobs are being put on the spiritual market, these days, and the Salvationists are not doing all of it, either. Dramatic harangues and emotional appeals have taken the place of the old Gospel doctrines, and almost any impulse of passing fancy, or case of ebullient hysterics, is set down as a "wonderful conversion." If this woman is sincere, she may yet come into the light, provided a merciful Providence shields her from the blind guides. So many preachers are intemperately eager for numbers. What will it profit a man to bungle a great company of souls? Sooner or later they will find out how they have been dealt with, and then there will be an account to settle. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth; —one. You see, the angels know a repenting sinner when they see one. No mention is made of the fifty professions. They know something about them, too.

**No paper next week.****Costly Royalty**

The Emperor of Germany is visiting his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and the newspapers tell of an imperial banquet at Windsor castle, given in the Emperor's honor. The famous gold plate of the royal castle, valued at ten millions of dollars, was brought out, and all the other wealth and magnificence of the Queen's household was utilized to lend regal splendor to the occasion. Think of the vast sums squandered on kings and their ilk since the world began. And think again that all this wealth was dug from the unwilling soil by the patient arm of labor, the toil of the poor. And think once more how much this misplaced wealth subtracted from the rightful comforts of the weary workers who created it, condemned them to all privations and all hardships. You may say that these observations tend toward socialism. Call it what you like, but between boundless wealth and extravagance on the one hand, and unfathomable poverty, privation and misery on the other, there is unquestionably a righteous controversy at some point or other.